A N

Epiſtolary POEM

T O

N. TATE, Eſquire:

AND

Poet Laureat to his Majeſty:

Occaſioned by the taking of

NAMUR.

By Mr. *PITTIS.*

——— *aut mihi carmen*
Quale meo Codro concedite, proxima Phœbi
Verſibus ille facit, aut ſi non poſſumus omnes,
Hic arguto ſacra pendebit fiſtula Pinu.
Virg. Ecl. VII.

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THE PREFACE.

I *Should have thought it unneceſſary to have troubled the Reader with an account of a Paper of Verſes, which I fear he will but too ſoon give his judgment of; had I not perceived my ſelf lyable to be cenſured for two faults (amongſt the many other) which People are but too ready to take for granted. The firſt which I am like to be tax'd with, is ſpeaking too much of my Heroe: The ſecond, ſpeaking too much of my Self. Both are ſo unpardonable and apt to give offence, that I am unwilling either amongſt the Religious to be taken for a Libertine, or amongſt the Profane (I mean the Poets) for one that is arrogant or preſumptuous. Therefore when I call upon Heaven to take care of its Defender, it is not to be received in ſo ſtrict a Senſe, as if Heaven could not Subſiſt without him, but that he fights its Battles, and defends its Cauſe, which is no more than our very Prayers ſay of him. As for the laſt crime I am like to be arraign'd for (viz.) my imitation of Virgil's* Fortunati ambo ſiquid mea carmina poſſunt; *my meaning is ſo far from the vanity which the Criticks falſely aſcribe to the Original, that it is Thus,* if my poor endeavours can add any thing to the perpetuation of their Fame, the remembrance of 'em ſhall be Eternal. *Now as I take this to be the ſenſe of this Prince of Poets, I know no reaſon why I have not the priviledge of a Subject to quote him. For his meaning cannot be otherwiſe, if we obſerve what cautious modeſty runs through his whole Writings, and how induſtriouſly he avoids the mentioning of himſelf, even when he has ſo many opportunities of doing it to his own advantage. Nor are we to ſuppoſe that he who in his Eclogues, ſays,* Me quoque vatem — dicunt Paſtores, ſed non ego credulus illis, *ſhould in his Æneids run into ſuch high Raptures, and Excurſions about himſelf,* as to ſay, *Niſus and Euryalus* were happy, becauſe ſuch an excellent Poet as himſelf had the recital of their Story. *As it is abſurd to believe theſe things of our Author, ſo I hope the Reader (eſpecially the judicious) will acquit the Copyſt: As for*

the conduct of the Poem, since I can't excuse the faults it abounds with, I shall say but little about it. My intention at first was to have spoken more particularly of the brave Assailants, especialy those of our own Nation; but that design requiring more time than I have to lay out on Poetry, and more pains than I can be at present perswaded to take, I laid it aside. Being contented with the mentioning of his Grace the Duke of Ormond, *whom I think my self oblig'd to name in a double respect, both as Chancellour of the University of* Oxford, *and as one whose extraordinary Quality and performances in the Siege deserv'd the next place to His Majesty and his Highness the Elector of* Bavaria. *Others extremely signaliz'd themselves, and I hope some Abler Pen will do them Justice: All that I have to say is*—ab uno--disce omnes. *As for my taking notice of Mr.* C———'s *Ode, I have this to say for my self, that as every Man is Master of his own Sentiments, so he may vent 'em when they are agreeable to truth and good-manners. And I can't see why Mr.* C—— *should take it amiss, that he is not counted the best Pindarick Writer, when he has so large a share of Reputation in Pastoral. A standerby often see's things a Gamester himself does not perceive, and I may tell him his faults, when perhaps I am so fond of my self as not to discern my own. I am so far from using a Gentleman of his Character ungenteely, that tho I can't say of his Ode, as Mr.* Norris *said of Mr.* Lock's Humane Understanding, (*viz.*) that he would not after all its faults part with it for a *Vatican*; *yet I can't but tell the World I have an extraordinary value for it. I can't see why the same liberty may not be taken with a Gentleman of* Will's, *as those Gentlemen took with Dr.* Blackmore, *and that they who would have Christned a certain Poem* Arthur of Bradly, *should have their own examin'd by the Friends of* Prince Arthur. *If I have misinterpreted any of his Beauties, I beg his pardon, but if I have found out his faults I think I may have the liberty to show them. Dr.* Sherlock *says,* he that writes, lies down, *which (if I may be the Reveverend Deans Expositor) is, every one that comes* en passant, *may make him exercise his faculty of feeling; and if a Man finds out* Bays's *Similies at any time, I see no reason why they should not lye under* Bays's *Correction. I have nothing more than to beg my Friend Mr.* Tate's *pardon for publishing an Epistle design'd only for his perusal, and for making use of his name no better, when I had so fair a field to have wrought in.*

AN

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SINCE evr'y Pen and evr'y Tongue employ
Their forward Zeal, to ſpeak their forward Joy:
And by their quick Productions, early ſhow
How much they pay, though not how much they owe;
Why is thy Sacred Pencil laid aſide,
No lays made choiſe of, and no numbers try'd?
O *Tate*, if ever glorious Acts infuſe
A warmth to Poets, or create a Muſe:
If Bards inſpir'd of Laurell'd Heroes Dream,
And Wars in triumph ended be their Theme,
Theſe theſe, thy labours, and thy numbers claim,
The task of wonder, and the toil of Fame.

Lo! *C*——'s *Dairy-Muſe* forgets her charge,
Tricks up her ſelf, and roams about at large,
And thinks in Flights and Raptures to excell
Becauſe ſhe tun'd the *lowly reed* ſo well!
As at ſome Wake, where *Joan* or *Nell* appear,
And repreſent the Queen in Sundays Gear,
With hobbling ſteps the Rabble Rout advance,
And trample round, and form a kind of Dance:
Suſan amidſt the reſt, with awkward Mien
Capers, and ſhows her feet, and will be ſeen,
Thinks what ſhe does, deſerves the moſt eſteem,
Becauſe ſhe makes good Cheeſe, and skim's the better Cream.

On

On *Pindar*'s Wings she takes her aery Course,
But *Pindar*'s judgment's wanting to his Force.
~~*Up to the head of Fame* She boldly flies,~~
Fama malum— Virg. Æn. (And † Fames a mischief, or the Poet lies)

O Youth take heed, let *Virgil*'s hallow'd Page
Escape thy fury, and avoid thy rage,
With holy dread approach the Reverend Bard,
Nor play with Wit, when Sense should be prefer'd,
A fine digression, and with Judgment wrote,
Is more esteem'd a Beauty than a fau't,
But when a Muse impatient of delay,
Leaps o're the bounds, and frollicks all the way,
Forces through *oppositions self*, and climbs
With all the tinckling chime of Pack-horse Rhimes;
We damn the Muse, and justly blame her skill,
Who leaves good beaten ways, and chuses ill,
And sweats and drudges upward with her load,
When She might go beneath, and keep the Road.
But above all (for he that Verse endites
Shou'd know his Sense and meaning as he writes)
Thy Verse shou'd speak Thee Loyal, not compare
The Siege of *Namure* to the *Gyants War*:
Nor make *Mars tumble* from the *Empyreal-skie.*
Ovid. Those whom their † Author never brought so high:
Thy *Power unseen*, and boundless force restrain,
Nor make those *Rebells* who deserve to Reign.
Other's have wrote, and with dissembled pains,
Rack'd all their little Magazine of Brains:
Squeez'd hard for Tropes and Figures, to express
Their satisfaction in the Kings success,
And like some Muster-Master's Scrow'l, have taught
The Reader all the names of those that fought:
Rang'd all their Heroes up in Rank and File,
And with Dutch bulky names provok'd his smile.
For who can hold his laughter, or refuse
A smile, when *Peter B---* prints *Jones* his News,
And hands about his limping Rhimes, and showes
What *Yard*'s *Gazett* had told before in Prose.

Ah! for a while the *Mausoleum* leave,
And in thy stead let weeping Angels grieve,

They'l

They'l guard the Structure which thy numbers rais'd,
And mourn the Queen, thy Verſe ſo ſweetly prais'd.
The Queen.——Oh, let her ſacred Urn rejoyce
At thy loud Song, and bleſs thy tuneful voice,
Which echoing round the mournful Dome, conveys
Her Subjects joys, and bears her Husband's praiſe,
And juſtly daring, and correctly bold
Form's Heroes with their kindred Gods enroll'd,
Does Cities Storm'd, and routed Aamies Sing,
And once forgets *Maria* in the King.
So when the *Mantuan* Bard with rapture fir'd,
Had ſung the Boy, the Roman † Dame admir'd,
And with ſucceſsful and exalted ſtrains,
Bewail'd *Marcellus* in his laſt remains,
Spread *blooming Lillies* o're the Regal Herſe,
And wep't the dead ſtill living in his Verſe,
With ſudden and unimitable joy,
Through *Lation* Seas he brings the War and *Troy*:
Forgets his Sorrows, and diſowns his Grief,
As he with wondrous Verſe proclaims the wondrous Chief.

† Octavia.

Such be thy task, and dareing thy deſign,
Thy Muſe as graceful as thy Theme divine,
Thy Numbers beautious, and thy beauties ſtrong,
And artful warmth enforce an artful Song.
Quick turns of thought, ſhould eager foree reveal,
No word come ſlow that ſpeaks thy grateful zeal.
O let thy Muſe her timely joy declare!
The laurell'd King ſhou'd be the laurell'd Poets care.

And ſee him ſtill the glorious Task eſſay!
Through groves of Pikes enlarge the doubtful way!
Now wing'd with ſpeed to Subjects aid repair,
Himſelf their Guardian Angel, and himſelf a War.
Through floods and ſteep aſcents the chaſe purſue!
Hang on the Rear and keep the Foe in view,
Whilſt *Europe* ſheltred by the Sword he draws
Adores the Monarch and applauds the Cauſe.
Guard him ye ſacred Powers, let Angels give
That help to him, which they from him receive.
All Heav'n is intereſt'd to preſerve his Throne,
Defending his the Gods defend their own.

Vain would their Altars and their Incenſe riſe,
No coſtly clouds of Smoke aſcend their Skies,
Their Shrines ungifted, and their Temples ſhow,
Unleſs he fed the Flames & brib'd the Gods below.
And Thou bright Orb, whoſe influence yet preſides
O're thy late charge, and Brittiſh Counſels guides,
Behold thy mourning widdow'd Prince, and ſee
Deeds that are paſt belief, and worthy Thee.
How grief ſits ſullen on his brow, and dares
The Fate of *France*, and awful ſilence wears!
Maria's Image fills his lab'ring mind,
And vengeance broods within, and actions cloſe deſign'd.
See him alone through gaſping Squadrons wield
His Sword, and bear the War upon his Shield;
O're dying *Gauls*, and mangled Heroes ride:
The God's, and Fame, and Conqueſt by his ſide!
Maria ſpreads the Warriours glowing Flame,
Maria——Thouſands fall beneath the Name.
So when ſome *Lybian* Hunter's Spear has ſlain
A Lyoneſs in ſcorch'd *Numidia*'s Plain.
And in high Pomp the rugged Trophy bore,
Which aw'd and check'd the neighbouring flocks before,
The Partner of her Den expands his Jaws,
Looks grizly round him, and contracts his Paws,
Now ſummons all his Sorrows to the Prize,
Leaps bounding forth, and grinning as he Flies,
Then faſtning on the bleating flocks, withholds
The She pherds care, and mourns his Conſort in the Folds.

But! oh what matchleſs Heroe's that, who's arms
Reflect ſuch dreadful Rays, and horrid Charms?
Feirce manly beauty through the Warriour reigns,
And *Auſtria*'s Worth's collected in his Veins.
View him diſtinctly Muſe, and boldly trace
Thoſe features, whence their beams ſuch awful grace.
Near the *Naſſovian*'s ſide, with artful force
He reins his Steed, and eggs him to the Courſe.
Which Champs and Foams, and joys amidſt the ſlain,
And bears aloof the tow'ring hopes of *Spain*.
Virg. Æn. the XI. If *Europe* 'mongſt her numerous Sons had bore
But two ſuch Heroes, and ſuch Warriours more,
The *Spaniards*, and *Batavian* Troops had come
To *Gallick* Towns, and brought the War from home,

And

And *France* inveſted by their Arms, had mourn'd
Her Fate revers'd, and wept her Fortune turn'd.
And if thy Sons, O *Phœbus*, can declare
Unerring Truths, and thy dread Meſſage bear:
If at thy Shrines by Thee poſeſs'd, they date
The rize of Empires or the change of State.
Ev'n theſe, ſhall yet compel her to reſtore
The theſts ſhe raviſh'd, and ſhe ſnatch'd before:
And *Lewis* with ſubmiſſive hands reſign
The Spoils of conquer'd Kingdoms, and decline.
And *happy both*, and if my Verſe can raiſe
Their Fame, immortal as they'l make my lays,
No day ſhall blot their dear remembrance from
The liſt of Time, and Ages yet to come:
Whilſt the *Naſſovian* Houſe it ſelf ſupplies
Europe with Heroes, and with Gods the Skies:
Whilſt *Auſtrian* Princes as their right obtain
The Weſtern Empire, and the Crown of *Spain*.

Virg. Æn. IX.

From *Pindus* top, ye ſacred Nine repair,
Let ev'ry Muſe her coſtly Spices bear.
Scarce all their Incenſe and their Sweets ſuffice,
When on their balmy wings an *Ormonds* Fame muſt riſe.
With Kings he Conquers, and with Kings ſhall ſhare
A Part of Honour, as he parts the War.
O *Iſis*, *Iſis*! raiſe thy drooping head
At his dear name, and quit thy Ouzy bed:
Thy Patron Conquers, and thy Lord's return'd,
For whom thy Streams withdrew, for whom thy Waters mourn'd.
And ye learn'd Bards, whom ſacred *Iſis* owns
For her lov'd charge, and juſtly calls her Sons,
With ſpeed your Incenſe, and your gifts prepare,
And pay your praiſes where ye paid your pray'r.
Much have ye promis'd, and have much to pay,
For the dear bleſſings of this genial day:
In which kind Heav'n its ſacred pledge reſigns,
And gives him back, who finiſh'd its deſigns.
O Sons of Art, let ev'ry language ſhow,
What ev'ry land does ſpeak, and ev'ry Nation owe,
Not barely † Two amidſt the numerous Throng
Adventure forth, and dare a Noble Song.

† Mr. *Addiſon* and Mr. *Talden*.

Yon' Town, behold it, what Stupendous hight
Demands your wonder, and provokes your ſight!
Beneath, rough mounds and craggy Cliffs ſurprize,
Above, ſtrong Forts, and ſpacious Bulwarks riſe,
Nature her ſelf has fix'd th' Eternal Baſe:
Art and *Vauban* defend its upper ſpace.
Out from its flinty Breaſt, and rocky ſide
A Thouſand Engines gape, where thouſand Deaths reſide,
And in whoſe womb the cloſe deſtructions glow,
And lie unſeen though pointed on the Foe:
From Brazen mouths, they pour their wondrous Hail,
Sweep Squadrons off, and graze upon the Vale.
But theſe, nor thouſands more, nor Art, nor Fate,
Change *Ormond*'s high Reſolves, or Force him to retreat.
What wondrous Deeds his Youthful Hands perform!
See him through Fate, through Art and Nature Storm!
Now raiſe himſelf, ſupported by his Spear!
And up the Steep Aſcent the *Brittiſh* Lyons bear!
Then forward with redoubled fury preſs,
Make Strength and Danger yield to his ſucceſs;
And through the flames the burning Ramparts reach,
And fix Himſelf, and Standard in the Breach!
Sing *Jo* Triumph, lo the Lillies fail!
Sing *Jo* Triumph *Ormond*'s Arms prevail!

But theſe (my Friend) are wondrous Acts, and claim
A nobler Muſe, and more diſtinguiſh'd flame:
The task is Worthy, and the Verſe ſhould ſhine
With tempting luſture, and with Grace like thine.
A *Dorſetts* Judgment, and a *Drydens* Rage
Inform, and Eternize the ſacred Page,
Strong nervous Senſe in ev'ry line appear,
And Beauty glad the Sight, and Fancy charm the Ear:
Till what is juſtly and ſuccinctly wrote,
Approves the Heroe, and the Poets Thought.

Oh! if my languid numbers might provoke
Some laſting piece, and court ſome finiſh'd ſtroke;
Or make *Thee* write what *I* confus'dly feel,
And try the task my Muſe performs ſo ill!
Thrice happy I, though with the ſcribling reſt,
Expos'd to ev'ry drivling Coxcomb's jeſt:

Martyrd

Martyr'd on Pies, when ev'ry Fopling fills
His senseless gut, and only reads at meals;
O *Tate*, with speed begin th' adventrous Song,
To Thee alone the sacred rites belong.

Whilst I again to Chymick flames retire,
And quitt feign'd warmth, for true substantial fire:
Seek Herbs and Plants, and ev'ry healing juice,
And learn their mixture as I learn their use.
Tyson thy aid, direct my dareing course,
For Nature stoops to thy resistless force,
Unveils her beauties, and reveals her grace
To thy discerning Eys which ev'ry secret trace
O guide me, through the bold pursuit; impart
Thy healing vertues, and thy wondrous Art,
As I through Worlds unknown thy gifts explore,
Resolv'd to triffle with a Muse no more.

FINIS.